

Miercuri 2 martie 2022, între orele 18-20
Masterclass-ul de Traducere Literară
organizat de Lidia Vianu pentru MTTLC
va avea ca invitat pe poetul britanic
Peter Phillips
poet și dramaturg, [Peter Phillips \(poetrypf.co.uk\)](http://poetrypf.co.uk)



A VII-a ediție a Masterclass-ului MTTLC. 2022

în fiecare **miercuri**, orele 18-20, între 16 februarie – 25 mai 2022



Întâlnirea va fi a treia din cele 14 întâlniri cu 6 scriitori britanici și 8 membri PEN Club România. **Poemele de Peter Phillips pe care se va lucra se distribuie prin email masteranzilor.**

Participă la întâlnire și **Anne Stewart**, poet și agent literar al grupului **poetry p f**, www.poetrypf.co.uk, care cuprinde peste 400 de poeți.

Odată cu acest Masterclass, lansăm în premieră secțiunea

DEBUT: TRADUCĂTOR LITERAR,

la Editura *Contemporary Literature Press* și la revista *Translation Café*.



Întâlnirile se desfășoară online (pe Zoom). Sunt bineveniți toți studenții UB care doresc să participe, precum și studenții altor universități, scriitori, traducători. Pentru a fi invitat, vă rugăm trimiteți un mesaj organizatorilor Masterclass-ului:

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Peter Phillips

GEORGINA'S STORY, EXCERPTS

Thrust into the world of publishing, Georgina Meadows tries to make her way in London's literary scene as she attempts to understand her dead father's lack of love for her. Motherhood, and the business of poetry fight for her attention as she strives to find romance. Sorrow and humour are blended as Georgina finds pride in being a poet's daughter.

Covered In A White Ironed Sheet

this time he is really dead,
a lump of meat on a butcher's slab.
I don't know why I looked,
Now I have father's image in my head.
Maybe it was misplaced respect or duty –
no fake death this time.

His closest gather round:

Cyril Bunion, publisher and best friend.
then Frank and Sybil, all in a tight huddle.
Others, maybe rivals, whisper nearby.
Mary, my mother (I call her by her first name)
chats to his students. Galleons of red wine flow.
I drink dry white and breath a sigh.

Then a beautiful young boy, disheveled
but with mouth and jaws skillfully chiseled.
I want to kiss him. He comes up to me and says,

*I love your red hair, red dress and stilettoes,
more people should wear red to funerals.*

I blurt out “The red hair is my own,
but the stilettoes had belonged to my father.”

*Yes, I didn't think you had dyed it, it looks so shiny.
No need to tell about your father's shoes.*

I explain he gave them to his first love
and asked him how he knew my father.

*I did a poetry class of his.
Do you write poetry? I expect you write wonderful stuff.*

No, I don't. My mother is a poet.
Two in one family is too much, don't you think?

I'm afraid I have to rush now, but here...
He pushes a scrap of paper into my hand.

Will you come out with me Georgina?

I feel my cheeks go scarlet. Then he says,

Please see me again.

I ask his name.

It's on the piece of paper in your hand.

I Want to Tell You About My Father,

the poet George Meadows who has recently died.

All his adult life he grieved for the loss of his first love Hilary, and their unborn daughter.

Hilary had an inoperable tumour in her head. His ongoing grief was a hidden feature of his life,

and many years later it affected his relationship with me – he couldn't properly show his love for me.

All this was revealed when following his faked death he suffered a nervous breakdown and wasn't able

to survive it. Mary was his second wife. Coincidentally, they met at a restaurant and were both poets who

had been stood up by blind dates. Mary liked him and made sure he knew it. I came along within a year.

Unfortunately, his tangled thoughts stifled affection for me. He illogically felt that it would be wrong to enjoy me,

when he was still grieving for Hilary and their child. He had given up therapy without giving it a chance.

Cyril's Funeral

was a triumph. He would have loved it.
Mary was in charge of the arrangements.
It was a triumph in the sense that so many
poets from his list attended, so much love
for a man I had only recently got to know.

His poets were his friends. If they wanted
a word about their next collection, he always said
let's meet for lunch or dinner. He knew
all about their loves, lives and indiscretions.
He was a god parent to many of their children,

but not to me. Oh dear...that would have been nice.
There was a string of obituaries in the papers
all declaring what a wonderful publisher he was.
However the use of the words "old school"
were often used. I was most certainly not old school.

My liver was in perfect working order and I wanted
to keep it that way. Cyril died of liver failure
and associated medical problems. I shivered, I recall
my father coming home, falling up the stairs, Mary
undressing him on the bed, the apologies at breakfast.

The Wake

Mary said there was a note in the safe
about the wake.
It set out Cyril's requirements.

He was well known in the West End,
or should I say its boozers,
especially his beloved:

Marquis of Granby and The Wheatsheaf.

They were close by
only a scotch egg between them.

Incredibly,
Cyril planned to have two wakes –
running simultaneously.

He guessed many would attend
so didn't want to disappoint.
His note also said:

"We shouldn't be charged
for use of upper floors..."
and I now quote
from what he actually wrote:

"...because publicans are my pals
and would be selling to drunks –
oops...
nod, nod...wink, wink,
I didn't mean that...
I meant constantly selling drinks
from 5:00 till closing time,

and they would make a lot of money from my death."

*

Dotty took it as an honour
to organize the food
but as a prelude
there was an abundance of look-alike champagne
and lots of giggles.

Then Cyril wanted:
nuts and crisps,
well done sausages,
onion rings,
French fries with mayonnaise,
egg and mayonnaise bagels,
smoked salmon bagels,
all with sprinkled black pepper,
and trifle to follow.

At 10:00
he hoped Dotty could arrange
a delivery from the local Chinese,
of dozens of crispy spring rolls,
with shredded duck
and of course,
sweet chilli dipping sauce.

As generous as ever
we found three stuffed envelopes
full of twenty pound notes
with Wake Money
scribbled on the front.

We all had a wonderful time
but sadness was waiting to pounce.

*

Frank who was best friends
with Cyril and my late father, George,
delivered a speech in the style
and voice of George –
returning him back to life
for ten farcical minutes.

He thanked Cyril for all he did
and didn't do for his poets,
who so successfully kept him
in the comfort he mostly deserved.

Then mature men and women
who'd had sentimentality ironed out of them years ago,
broke the rules,
and almost broke down
as they elegized and remembered Cyril.

It was as if everyone was his brother, or sister.
Cyril had anticipated
that it would be a sad occasion,
but had insisted all jokes and laughter
about him should be as loud as possible,
so he could hear from where he was buried.

Some joker spluttered
"I hope he turned his hearing aid on!"

Another called out
"Where's my cheque, Cyril!"

And a lady poet
was very un-lady-like. She shouted
"Where are those silk stockings you promised me!"

*

One thing did impress me.
Everyone, seemed genuinely pleased
that Mary and I had been left the business.
Also, no one mentioned they'd got a manuscript
stuffed in their rain coat and would it be alright
to give it to us now.

I know that was me thinking the worst...
Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it.

I just wanted to feel that today
was not business, it was love
and that's what happened, it was love.

*

After "Time Gentlemen Please"
had been called at least four times,
Mary came and sat beside me.

That went well didn't it, darling?

"Yes, it was better than I expected
and graceful of Frank to involve Dad.

The evening was twenty out ten!"

And then I fainted.

To Will

I've had your twins.
I've not told you before –
it would have been misconstrued,
especially by your mother
who saw me as a thief,
someone conniving to steal you away,
and being of an unsuitable status –
a poet's daughter.

When you cancelled our meeting,
you texted "Sorry, I can't do this".
For goodness sake Will,
that's what spoilt teenagers say.

I pledge this now, I will never
hide you from your children.
If he or she goes looking
I will help to find you – not
because I want you,
but because in early life I learnt
the hurt caused by a parent
who stepped away from loving.

I will not say, "Sorry, I can't do this."
Will, I am proud to be a poet's daughter.

THE END